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Turtle Island

By Minna Irving

MAGDALENA BAY is the rendezvous of all the turtles in the Pacific; and is therefore the turtle hunters' paradise. The shellbacks are not found in the bay itself, but in the small rivers and creeks flowing inland from the bay. Up these streams they go by thousands to deposit their eggs in the warm sand that covers the shores from the water's edge, fifty feet back to where the palms, palmettos, prickly pears, and Spanish daggers mark the beginning of the dense tropical forest. Despite their great clumsiness and vast numbers, considerable skill is required to catch them, and a wise hunter will hire a Mexican guide to do his hunting for him if he wants to be sure of enjoying turtle soup. A large party from a ship lying in the bay explored several rivers said to be swarming with turtles, and after three days spent in the hunt brought back only three, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds apiece, and these were caught asleep in water too shallow for their escape by diving. The turtle rivers average in depth from a few inches to ten feet in the deepest parts, but the creatures, so clumsy and slow on land, are amazingly nimble in their native element, and if alarmed in three or four feet of water, are pretty sure to make a quick get-away unless the hunter is experienced.

A Mexican guide charges only two dollars (Mexican money) a day and his food, and harpoons the sleeping turtles. He muffles the oars in the rowlocks and orders every one to keep very quiet and speak only in whispers. Moving so silently that the oars make no splash, and so slowly that the bow sends no ripple, the boat drifts along. The Mexican having taken up his position in the bow, stands motionless as a bronze figure, harpoon poised to throw the instant his trained eye discerns a floating black object among the debris and driftwood where it would be indistinguishable to less experienced sight. The harpoon is a stout iron rod three feet long and half

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The Romance of Right

I once knew a boy who made a compact with several others of his age that they would see to it that none of them received an A or a B in conduct in school! This was due to the fact that that boy had a mistaken idea of courage and manliness. He thought that it was "sissyfied" to be a good boy, and that somehow daring, courage and other admirable qualities were associated with bad conduct.

Many of our boys and girls think this way. But when they stop and think further they realize how much more courage it takes to be fair, upright, well-mannered and honest. We do not need to use the word "good." But a boy or girl should be *right*. Oh, if we could learn the *Real Romance of Right!*

There is no courage equal to the courage it takes to control oneself.

There is no boldness equal to the boldness it takes to stand alone for the best things of life.

There is no daring equal to the daring to do the right, though unpopular thing.

The greatest champion is he who champions the cause of the weak.

The lives of all our heroes, Jesus, Alfred, Savonarola, St. Francis, Abraham Lincoln, remind us that there is no romance like the *Romance of Right*.

(Signed) SANFORD BATES.

This is the first of a series of articles to the youth of the nation by leaders who are prominent in public life because of their devotion to the progress and development of humanity.

Honorable Sanford Bates, the first contributor, graduated *with honors* from the Boston Y. M. C. A. *Evening* Law School, was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and Massachusetts Senate, a special lecturer at Harvard University, President of the Young People's Religious Union, and a director of the American Unitarian Association. Perhaps his greatest contribution to human welfare has been his work to improve the conditions in the prisons of Massachusetts. In recognition of his very valuable services, he was recently elected President of the American Prison Association, which is trying to improve the conditions of the prisons throughout the country. He speaks to you from his experience. He has known many boys and girls whose lives have been ruined. Think over carefully what he has said.

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ONCE, in a far country called Beaumarie, there dwelt a queen who kept a poultry farm. The country was ruled by a prime minister, and so the queen liked to have something to keep her busy.

On the queen's farm were two little ducks that the country folk called "the Wise Little Ducks of Beaumarie." And it is no wonder they were considered wise, because, unlike all other ducks, they could talk the language of the country as well as of the queen herself. And that, of course, proves that they must have been elves in disguise, because who ever heard of a duck that said anything but "Quack! Quack!"

One day, at the foot of the hill where the queen dwelt, the two little ducks who were playing by the brook happened to see Suzette Courcelle and her little brother, Jean.

Suzette and Jean had no one in the world to look after them, and so the little girl, who was the elder by many years, supported them both. In the winter she sold fancy work that she embroidered herself, and in the summer she milked cows and sold berries.

It chanced that every year, on the queen's birthday, Her Majesty gave gifts to the poor. These gifts were called "the Queen's dole," and it was a very ancient custom for the poorer peasants to come and receive their "dole."

But Suzette, though she was poor, was far too proud to accept the "Queen's dole." "We are not beggars," she told her little brother. "And while I have two hands, there shall be food and lodging for thee and for me."

For a long time the Wise Little Ducks of Beaumarie had watched Suzette and Jean in their comings and goings.

"Suzette is sweet and good," one said to the other.

"Sweet and good," echoed the other.

"We must do something to help her and little Jean," they both said at once.

On the Queen's birthday, Suzette and little Jean chanced to stop by the brook to wash their hands. When the ducks saw them coming they said: "Do you go to the House on the Hill to collect the Queen's dole?"

"No, indeed," said Suzette. "I have no need of such a thing. I sold all my berries to-day. That is why my basket is empty. Jean, too, sold all his. We shall be rich for a few days. Soon I can buy new shoes for Jean."

"Well done!" said the ducks. "But why are you so proud, Suzette? The Queen is kind and good. It gives her pleasure to help others."

"I know not why I am proud," Suzette replied. "I only know that it was our mother's last wish that we should earn our own livings, and accept help from no one."

The Wise Little Ducks of Beaumarie

By
Winifred Livingstone Bryning

"But there is a good reason why you should go up the hill to-day and speak with the Queen," said the little ducks.

"A reason?" Suzette echoed. "What reason?"

"It is her birthday of course," answered the ducks. "At least go up and wish her a happy birthday, and a chance will come this very day for you to give her a worthy gift."

"A gift—for the Queen!" cried Suzette. "But alas! I have nothing. At least, nothing good enough for the Queen's birthday."

But the little ducks insisted that she and Jean should go to the House on the Hill. And so the children went up and rapped timidly on the door.

It was opened by a sweet little lady of middle age, wearing a blue flowered apron over a simple peasant dress. There were bands of gray in her brown hair, and her large, sparkling brown eyes were the kindest and most beautiful that Suzette had ever seen. And such dainty little hands she had! They were not much larger than Suzette's own, only much fairer.

"Welcome, my children," said the little lady in a silvery voice. It was such a pretty voice that it made one think of water tumbling over pebbles in a still, cool place.

"We have come to say Happy Birthday to the Queen," said Suzette. "We do not need the 'dole,' because we earn our own living."

"Come right into the kitchen," said the lady. "I am making cookies, and in a short while they will be ready. You must help me eat them." So the children followed her into the large, clean kitchen, and at her bidding took seats in the chimney corner.

They wondered much why the little lady did not go and tell Her Majesty that visitors had come, but they were shy and did not ask.

While they were munching cookies, the little lady said it was almost time for lunch, and that they must stay and have lunch with her.

"Thank you kindly," Suzette said politely, "but we just came to pay the Queen a short call, and now we must be on our way, if she is too busy to see us."

But the little lady pressed them so hard to stay to lunch that finally they did. Such a delicious luncheon it was—quite the best the children had ever tasted!

"You must be a very good cook,"

Suzette remarked. "Does the Queen pay you well?"

The lady laughed her little tinkling laugh. "I never take wages for my cooking," she replied. "I cook entirely for the pleasure of it. Nothing pleases me more than fussing around a kitchen, keeping house, or feeding the ducks and chickens."

"Why doesn't the Queen come down to lunch?" little Jean asked suddenly.

"She does not need to come down," answered the little lady, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Doesn't she eat at all?" asked little Jean.

"Don't be rude, Jean," said Suzette who feared he was asking too many questions.

"What a funny ring you have," little Jean said next, and he pointed to a large gold, seal ring on the lady's left hand.

"Hush!" said Suzette, tweaking his ear. Suzette herself thought it a most unusual ring. It was so large, and on it was a capital B. Above the B was a tiny crown.

"What does the B stand for?" she asked, before she realized that she was being as rude as Jean himself.

"The B means *Beaumarie*—the country in which we live," the lady replied. "And of course the little crown is a symbol for the crown of Beaumarie."

"Do all the Queen's servants wear these rings?" Suzette asked curiously.

"The Queen does not keep servants at all," the lady answered. "She much prefers to do her own work, except the very heavy part. She has a handy man who comes in a few times a week to clean the poultry yard and scrub floors."

Suzette looked very hard at the little lady, and suddenly she understood. With a delighted cry she jumped to her feet and curtsied.

"A happy birthday to Your Majesty!" she said.

The Queen, for it was no other, bowed her head, and smiled very sweetly.

"But where is your crown?" little Jean asked promptly. "I thought kings and queens always wore crowns."

"I had my crown melted down, and I bought poultry with the gold," said the Queen, laughing heartily. "I am much more comfortable without a crown."

"But you have no guards at all!" said Suzette, peeping out into the farmyard. "I thought queens always had to be guarded."

"The Queen of Beaumarie has no need of guards," said the little lady with dignity. "She is guarded by the love in the hearts of her people."

Then she asked the two children all about themselves, and when she heard that they were alone in the world, and

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Turtle Island

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an inch thick, with a gaff on the end, and 35 feet of strong rope attached to the handle. When thrown with the precision and judgment of a veteran hunter, the harpoon will point straight down and penetrate the turtle's back through the thickest shell. The wounded turtle dives to escape and in doing so immediately gives an angle to the harpoon which prevents its slipping out. The next thing is to roll the turtle into the boat and throw it on its back, in which position it is powerless to get away.

An expert Mexican harpooner never misses and can usually catch from twenty to thirty large turtles in three or four hours. The old turtles are encrusted with barnacles and hard to pick out, as they look like pieces of rough bark or half submerged logs. One, taken in one of the tributaries of Magdalena Bay, weighed 300 pounds and had barnacles fully an inch long and an inch in circumference growing all over its shell.

Magdalena Bay is a tiny village supported by only one industry—turtle hunting. A sloop comes from the mainland once a week with mail and small merchandise to go by the Pacific mail steamers which stop at Magdalena Bay for mail and turtles. These ships usually carry away a hundred turtles at a time.

The Wise Little Ducks of Beaumarie -
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that Suzette had to work hard to support them both, the Queen was very concerned.

"I wish I had a gift for Your Majesty," said Suzette with a sigh. "The Wise Little Ducks of Beaumarie said that a chance might come for us to give you a gift, but I don't know what it could possibly be."

"There are two gifts I should like very much," said the Queen after a pause, and she stroked Suzette's golden curls and then patted little Jean.

"What are they?" asked the children in one breath. They were much excited.

"I should like you both to be my little wards," said the Queen. "I am a bit lonely sometimes, and should like to have children about me."

"Oh, thank you, Your Majesty," said Suzette; "but indeed Jean and I must earn our own way in the world. We promised Mother never to accept help from anyone."

"I am not offering you help at all," the Queen answered. "You can stay here and work about the farm all you want to. And I shall pay you monthly wages or an allowance, or whatever you care to call it. But it will be a real birthday gift to me if you will both stay."

Suzette kissed the Queen's hand. "Yes, Jean and I will be glad to stay, Your Majesty," she said. Now she saw what

the little ducks had meant. Here was a chance for her and Jean to give a present to the Queen.

Later that day, the children ran down to see the Little Ducks of Beaumarie, but they had strangely disappeared. They had not even left a feather behind them.

Suzette and Jean believed that they were elves, and that they flew back to Elfland from whence they came. But once a year, on the Queen's birthday, the Wise Little Ducks appeared beside the brook, and the children came down the hill to play with them.

"Are you happy?" the little ducks never failed to ask Suzette and Jean.

"Oh, yes; very happy," Suzette would reply. "The dear Queen is so good to us. We love her very much."

"The more happiness you give to others, the more you will always find," was a saying of the Wise Little Ducks, and the children always remembered it.

Scylla

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER II

There was a legend about those rocks and the whirlpool called Scylla and Charybdis, which Grandpa Pierre didn't like to recall; at low tide the current eddied between them like a miniature maelstrom, the water being churned around and around. In fact, although no swimmer had tried it, it was believed that the small strait between the rocks could not be navigated successfully. With a rowboat it would be different and with a sailboat,—well, no one had any fear with a sailboat and yet no one had tried to sail between the two rocks at exactly low tide, the time when the strange current twisted the waters so curiously.

Bill was much the better sailor of the two boys; that was evident when "The Black" was tacked into the wind and Bill let her loose. "The Black" kicked up the white foam at its prow and danced along the waves in a merry pace. "The Butterfly" was a slower, surer craft, heavier too than Bill's boat, and besides there were Jacques and Grandpa sitting in it, making the race unequal from the start.

But Jacques was so pleased to be guiding Monsieur Mouton's pride of the seas through the deepening green waters that he cared little about the outcome, for he knew that Bill would let him win. It would be a hollow triumph, but anyway he had sailed the famous craft which juttied up like a landmark in Binie's cosy bay.

The word had gone round that the two boys were in a race and the few from the fair and Bill's father and mother, the boat crew and the guests lined the quay to watch the vessels as they drove out

toward the horizon and the two rocks. The tide was swiftly running out and aided the two boats in the race for the Scylla rocks.

It would take the racers about half an hour or more to reach the rocks. Grandpa Pierre sat back and watched the contented smile on Jacques' face and saw Bill's clever manipulation of the sails as he urged "Le Noir" along as a jockey does his horse in a race. Grandpa Pierre was wondering how Bill would ease his vessel up in order to let Monsieur Mouton's win, according to the agreement.

His thoughts were suddenly torn away by the appearance of a black cloud in the sky, sweeping in from the Atlantic. It had thrust its head over the top of the promontory so quickly that Grandpa Pierre was startled. Veteran fisherman as he was, he looked around the horizon carefully and scrutinizingly and then—whistled.

Jacques turned. "What's the matter, Grandpa?" he asked. "Going to spoil our race by some rules or regulations?"

Grandpa pointed to the black clouds. "You see the clouds, Jacques. That's a storm cloud, that darkest one, a real storm, driven in from the ocean by the increasing wind. We'd better turn back to the shelter of the cove right away or there'll be an actual struggle and Monsieur Mouton's boat might . . . No, we must turn back."

Grandpa whistled more loudly in the direction of the black sailboat, but it was so far ahead that Bill did not hear. He kept on straight for the rocks which were now but a short distance away.

Jacques looked around in perplexity. They couldn't very well leave Bill racing alone. They would have to overhaul him. Grandpa Pierre evidently had the same thought in mind for he gave directions to Jacques which sent "The Butterfly" at increased speed through the waters, now gathering a white cap here and there.

Bill was going to hug the rocks closely. He was steering in close and Grandpa Pierre again whistled as shrilly as he could while Jacques halloed through his cupped hands. But Bill was flying into the teeth of the wind and when he turned on a line with the rocks he would have the wind behind him and a very high rate of speed would be possible.

The dark clouds were now almost over the rocks; Bill looked up at them a moment and then turned to Jacques in the rear. But his glance was so fleeting that Jacques had no time to warn him. A chance for safety still lay in circling the rocks and speeding for the cove before the storm swept on them, but Bill dashed their hopes by hugging the rocks and then darting into the swirling strait between them.

Jacques felt a lump in his throat and

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THE BEACON

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The Tyndale Translation

"If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth a plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou doest."—William Tyndale, 1522.

It is recorded that Tyndale thus declared his purpose to one who opposed his work of translating the Bible into the spoken language of the English people. Until that time the Bible had remained inaccessible to all but the scholars of Greek, Hebrew, and Latin. One hundred and fifty years before, Wycliffe had made a translation from the Latin, but it was never published and could therefore influence only a small group of people.

Scylla

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Grandpa Pierre became so excited that he tried to rise from his seat in the rear and throw the sail over so that "The Butterfly" would make more speed, but it was evident the vessel was cutting along at its fastest pace.

To be caught in the maelstrom current of Scylla and Charybdis in a storm was a double catastrophe. Grandpa Pierre came of a determined stock. Jacques was equally determined, and "The Butterfly" was steering right into the small strait between the rocks, behind Bill's boat. Bill was finding that something was wrong. The rudder wasn't acting right and twice he glanced at Jacques and Grandpa, but each time a sudden wave and a current caught his vessel and forced him to pay close attention to its maneuvering.

A dash of rain began to fall, then it came in greater gusts. The wind was powerful and as it poured down through the canyon made in the two rocks, it made a weird, hissing noise. The swift change in the air currents one moment made the sails flap listlessly as if there wasn't a breath of wind stirring, and a moment later caught the boats and fairly lifted them out of the water. The rain was now falling more rapidly and at times Jacques was unable to see the black boat ahead of him. He saw Bill, between the gusts of rain, madly trying to loosen a sail which had ripped.

The cloud was black and threatening, the sea looked like greenish ink; white caps rolled from the open ocean in between the rocks and were dashed into spray.

The strait narrowed at the middle of the rocks and only with the most skilful guiding could a sailboat of the size of "Le

The Twins Write About the Game of Shingle

OUR ATTIC
December 28, 1925.

Dear Charles and Marjorie:

Well, aren't we answering your letter quickly? Do you remember when you were last at our house that the roof leaked? Well, it still does, or rather it did, until it leaked down into father's room last Tuesday night when it was raining so hard—that was the night that spoiled our skating. Well, the rain leaked down into father's room and dripped all over his face until he woke up in the middle of the night. The next morning he called up the man and now we are having our roof fixed. Consequently Paul and I are playing that delightful game of "shingle" every morning and night—it's delightful to watch—but not to play. All you need to have to play this game is a house that needs a haircut and some children that have to obey their parents. Every morning Paul and I carry those shingles from the yard to the cellar window and keep throwing them in until our backs ache, and every night when we come back the pile is higher than it was when we left it. For two or three nights Paul said he would pile them up in the cellar, but I found out that he was down there spinning a top, so I made him come out and help me. It's funny, isn't it, how much in a hurry your friends are to go somewhere when there's hard work to be done? I don't think that any of the children that have offered to help us have stayed more than ten minutes at a time. "Never mind," father says, "it won't have to be shingled again for twenty years." Paul had to stay after school today, I think he did it on purpose, so I am writing letters until he comes.

Your loving cousin,

HARRIET.

Hello, Charles, how are you?

PAUL.

Noir" or "Le Papillon" pass in the swirling current. Grandpa Pierre saw they were nearing this point. He stood up in the boat and shouted madly into the air, but his voice was drowned.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Lieutenant-Commander Green has just published another story about Tom Armstrong, the splendid young midshipman fresh from the U. S. Naval Academy. This time he leaves Annapolis for life at sea aboard a man-of-war. He is prepared for the monotonous warship's routine, but his zest for high adventure cannot be dampened and he finds it in foreign ports all over the world. He lives up to his athletic prowess of the Annapolis academic year; performs almost superhuman feats to save the life of one of his fellows and wins success for his senior officers. He finds, however, that the Navy praises such courage and sacrifice as his, but looks upon it only as a fine exploit in line of duty—a task well done. Rear Admiral Lewis in his foreword calls it subduing the conceit of cocksure young middies and adds that "any boy whether or not he is especially interested in the sea will be better through reading this book and taking its lessons to heart."

MIDSHIPMEN ALL. By Fitzhugh Green.
D. Appleton and Company, New York.
Price \$1.75.

"Full sail, Jacques!" he yelled to the boy. "It's the only way to catch up to 'The Black' and perhaps avert . . ."

Jacques heard no more. He let out the sail and Monsieur Mouton's boat made better speed. Being heavier it did not dance like a chip on the angry waters as did the other boat; it was gradually closing up the gap between them. They were now only several rods apart and Bill, glancing back, apparently thought they were attempting to show their speed, for he too, let out more sail.

The result was that the vessel shot ahead, was turned half-way around by the wind and the currents and then started off again. Bill was trying to let out more canvas when a sharp gust puffed the sail and, with a ripping noise, tore it into shreds. Bill was now on a powerless vessel and entirely at the mercy of wind and wave.

Jacques saw the predicament. He kept as close to the sides of the rock as he dared, to keep "The Butterfly" away from the adverse wind currents. He was willing to run a chance with the tide as swift running and treacherous as it was.

The rain was falling so rapidly now that Jacques was unable to see ahead of him. He could almost feel the rocks beside the boat, urging him on to destruction. He thought of the Lorelei and the Harpies. Grandpa Pierre was clinging to

the rudder with all his might and main to keep the vessel in its course.

From out of the air came a crashing noise, a grating noise and then a cry. It was Bill's voice. Grandpa put the rudder down hard. Jacques reefed the sails and "The Butterfly," as if understanding, slowed down and plowed silently through the current and the rain.

Again the cry was heard. Jacques reckoned that he was close to "The Black" and turned abruptly in towards the rocks. It was a dangerous thing to do. As a gust of rain cleared away Grandpa Pierre and Jacques saw the black vessel lying on its side and Bill clinging to it.

Jacques guided "The Butterfly" closer to the helpless craft, which had hit the rock and turned over. It was a hardy undertaking. The current played strange tricks with the vessel as they got closer to the stricken boat. But Jacques had a solution; it was the only way, he reasoned, to escape the same fate of being hurled on the rock.

He put on more sail and felt the wind catch and swell out the canvas; "The Butterfly" picked up speed. Grandpa Pierre with an admiring glance told that he understood. "The Butterfly" swept on at a fast pace toward the overturned boat and as they passed by it, Jacques leaned over the side, caught hold of Bill's coat and dragged him into "The Butterfly."

It was just in time, for the rain was falling so rapidly and the wind was coming so swiftly and menacingly down the strait, that in a few moments "The Black" would have been dashed to pieces and "The Butterfly" rescuers would have found it thrice as difficult to maneuver.

They had now just two hundred yards to go before reaching the open. With Grandpa Pierre managing the rudder this feat was accomplished without touching the rocks.

Jacques wasn't able to see the light-house or the quay through the rain, but he ran before the wind. The vessel appeared to relish the idea of being free once more from the Seylla rocks and dashed through the white caps in an abandon at once terrifying and delightful. Bill had recovered from his fearful experience and rather liked the sensation too.

"The Butterfly" sped along and soon there appeared the silhouette of the light-house. Even in the rain Jacques, Bill and Grandpa Pierre saw there were crowds of people there, looking out toward the rocks. Through the squall of wind and rain, they heard shouts of rejoicing that they had come safely through the dangers of the Seylla rocks. Such an experience happens once in a century in Binie.

Grandpa Pierre now took charge of the craft and by his deft manipulation brought the vessel to the quay. There was no one more delighted than Bill's mother. She

hugged her boy, shook hands with Jacques and Grandpa Pierre and asked them to come aboard the yacht and get dry.

They were glad to do so and showed it by their smiles. Bill took Jacques' hand and led him down the small runway to the yacht and then aided Grandpa Pierre who was none too sure of his feet.

In the cosy cabin where an electric heater was dispensing a cheerful glow, they dried their clothes. Steaming hot chocolate was served. It warmed them up and soon they were talking together like old cronies. Though Grandpa could understand only a few words, he understood their faces, intonations and gestures — and smiled on them.

Bill got up from the little table and went to his mother. Jacques and Grandpa didn't hear what he said but the mother smiled and approached Jacques.

"My son," said Mrs. Hammond, laying her hand on Jacques' shoulder, "has asked me to buy Monsieur Mouton's boat for you, Jacques. It will in small measure repay our debt to you for saving Bill's life, and we shall, of course, reimburse the fisherman for his wrecked boat and the inconvenience of losing his catch until he can replace it."

Jacques could only stammer, "*Merci, Madame! Merci Madame!*" but the sparkle of pleasure in his eyes spoke more than words. Grandpa Pierre's face lighted up with joy, but he could find no words with which to express his gratitude and so — sipped his cup of chocolate.

When they arose from the table the sun was shining above and had partially dried the quay. "The Butterfly" lay alongside, where it had been moored. Jacques thought it never looked so beautiful. And now it was to be his!

"We are going to be here another day," said Bill, "and we'll visit you at the fair."

Grandpa Pierre and Jacques nodded and left the trim yacht and their new friends.

The next day Monsieur Mouton accepted a substantial check for the boat, "because Jacques won the race in 'The Butterfly,'" he said, and it became the property of Jacques forever and ever. Then the Hammonds and their guests paid the fair a visit, purchased several of Grandpa Pierre's model boats and paintings and made things so lively that everyone called the fair the biggest success in years.

And that same afternoon, as the sun was sinking behind the hills, the Hammond yacht steamed out of the little bay of Binie northward toward the Seine River and Paris, with Bill at the stern waving his handkerchief.

Tears glistened in the eyes of Jacques and Grandpa Pierre, but their grief, at having their friends go so soon, was assuaged by the thought that Bill had promised to return after the trip northward.

Flying to Paris

BY MARY RICHARDSON

From London to Paris by airplane!
We flew

High over the world, like a bird in the air!

We motored to Croydon, the great flying field—

"This way, if you please! That's your plane over there."

(My heart gave a bound!) With its nose to the sky

It stood poised, wings outspread, like a great dragon-fly!

The ground fell away, and the people grew small;

The houses were tiny, like toy houses, quite;

Now fields were below us, dark oblongs and squares,

With patches of ripening grain, golden-bright.

Like squares in a crazyquilt yellow and green,

With the dear English hedges for stitches between!

Then Folkstone — the Channel — To us in the sky

The water looked smooth as a great sheet of glass,

And the boats, tiny specks, were like flies on a pane!

On we flew! Far ahead loomed the land, a dark mass,

Till a great big relief map of Northern France lay

Beneath us. To study that map would be play!

The song of our engines boomed steady and loud;

The green fields of France lay below as we sped,

A quilt without stitches, a city — a wood —

More fields and a river that seemed like a thread.

At last we were circling! Le Bourget! "Alight!"

From London to Paris! Oh, glorious flight!

The Advantage of Being Inconspicuous

A VERY diminutive cockney, says *The Tatler*, was stalking deer in the Highlands. He had engaged the services of a tall and powerful game-keeper. The day was warm, and the keeper, feeling irritated at the self-importance and ignorance of his little master, gave vent to this ruffled feelings by groaning at regular intervals at the midges that swarmed round him in myriads.

"I cannot understand," said the cockney patronizingly, "how the midges bother you so much. I haven't got so much as a single bite yet."

"Hoot, mon," replied the other contemptuously, "they maybe have na noticed ye yet." — *The Youth's Companion*.



Dear Beacon Club Members: Your new members are so numerous that we cannot publish all their letters; but keep watching for them, we shall print a number of them next week.

We suppose that you've all enjoyed your holidays as much as we have — and that was a great deal. Wasn't everyone good to us? We are resolving to be good to them all during this New Year.

THE EDITOR.

*Amherst, Va.,
R. 3, Box 71.*

Dear Editor: I am a little girl seven years old. I go to Sunday school. My teacher's name is Miss Ethel Smoot. I should like to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear the pin. I should like to have some little girl my age write to me; I have no little sister but I have six brothers.

Yours sincerely,

EDNA PHILLIPS.

Townsend Harbor.

Dear Editor:—I like the stories in *The Beacon*, especially "Hot Cross Buns." I should like to become a member of The Beacon Club.

I am sending in a story. It is not very good, though.

Yours truly,

AINO KALLIO.

P. S. I should like some members of my age to write to me.

*10 Park Avenue,
Houlton, Maine.*

Dear Editor:—I should like to join The Beacon Club. I go to Sunday School at the Unitarian Church and get their paper. I am eight and a half years old and go to the Pleasant Street School, where I am in the third grade. I like the paper very much.

Your friend,

VERA ANDERSON.

*83 Military St.,
Houlton, Maine.*

Dear Editor:—I am eight years old and my mother sings in the choir in the Unitarian Church. I go to Sunday School and I should like to join your club.

Yours,

JOHN BENSON BROOKS.

Dear Cubs: The poetry prize for this number goes to Miss Lois Weeks for her delightful verses on "Night." Willard E. Ingalls, Jr., is the author of the exciting bear story that won the prose award.

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

Night

BY LOIS WHEELER WEEKS

Dusk, clothed in softest shades
Of lavender and blue,
With silken cloak of indigo and sky,
But soon it turns to deepest azure hue,
And fades.

Night, in her velvet mantle
Of darkest black, jet black,
A diamond here, a diamond there;
Of jewels she shall never lack;
No, ne'er.

Stealing o'er the throbbing world;
Wrapping all in slumber deep;
Closing many weary eyes,
Till dawn her sleepless vigil she shall keep
O'er all.

Dear Contributors: Anna Rothstein has begun the year aright with a new poem, and Aileen Smith has been inspired to write an article appropriate to the season.

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

New Year's

BY ANNA ROTHSTEIN (AGE 10)

On every single New Year's
We have a lot of fun,
We think about the good things,
The kind things we have done.

And we must all keep working
For the God who wants us to;
He knows that each one has a part
And he sees all we do.

He knows we can be gracious,
He knows we can be kind;
He knows we'll help the needy
And aid the lame and blind.

So let us turn a fresh new leaf
For a record of new cheer,
For now the years have changed about
And here's a glad New Year.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Twisted Cities:—1. Philadelphia; 2. Detroit; 3. Boston; 4. New York; 5. Washington; 6. New Haven; 7. Chicago; 8. Sioux Falls; 9. Des Moines; 10. Los Angeles.

Twisted Names of Boys

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Terteve | 6. Spetneh |
| 2. Dlopurh | 7. Soudalg |
| 3. Jebnamni | 8. Nafseir |
| 4. Nereawel | 9. Drymnoa |
| 5. Ptownhir | 10. Redohote |

MARJORIE WALDRON.

Billerica, Mass.

Dear Editor:—I belong to the Unitarian Church. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I should like some one my age to write to me. I like *The Beacon* very much. I should like to join The Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

BEATRICE REYNOLDS.

An Adventure in the Woods

BY WILLARD E. INGALLS, JR.

ONCE when Bill was walking along a path in the woods, a large shaggy black bear jumped out at him. He stepped aside and started to run. Then remembering that he had his revolver he stopped and fired six shots in the direction of the bear, but all of them missed the mark. The revolver being useless now, he started to run again, but in his fright he was unfortunate enough to trip and fall. Just as the bear leaped upon him he heard a shot and then lost consciousness.

When he recovered, he was lying on a rough bed. The man in whose room he was, heard him stir and said, "Lie still and you will be all right in a day or so."

He was right, for Bill was quite fit in a few days. It was he who had fired the shot and killed the bear. He gave the bearskin to Bill and guided him to the edge of the forest, whence Bill arrived safely home. He still has the skin in his library and sometimes, when he looks at it, he shudders to think of his adventure in the woods.